

(Don't) Stand So Close to Me by **everybreatheverymove**

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Summary:

Prompt: "Someone turns around and because the other person was standing so close, it turns into an awkward, accidental kiss."

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"Okay, someone hand me the box!" Dustin orders, and he wags a hand around freely without so much as a look behind him. He lays his other hand flat on the table, eyeing the pieces of the jigsaw puzzle on the table. "This is impossible. It has to be a dud."

Max rolls her eyes, and she moves to stand with her hands sliding along the table. Reaching for the lid of the box, she flips it over as she passes it to Dustin, "Just because you can't do it." The girl snorts, and she takes a step back when Dustin practically tears the lid right out of her hands. "You big baby."

Dustin raises a brow, "I don't see you helping us." He slams the lid down on the opposite side of the table, the vibration making Will's crayons roll to the carpet.

Will reaches down to pick up his fallen pastels, and Lucas crouches down beside him to help, "Dude, would you calm down?" Lucas rounds up a bunch of the smaller crayons and he drops them down into the bottom of the puzzle box, lay abandoned on the chair in front of him. He walks around the table, hands slipping into his pockets, "It's just a stupid puzzle."

"You do it then." Dustin challenges, and he turns to Lucas with a jigsaw piece between his fingers. He waves it in front of the taller boy's face with a grin, "you know, since it's so *easy*."

"No."

"Why not?"

Lucas scowls, "Because I don't want to, and it's stupid." His brows wiggle and he turns away from his friend then, "You're stupid," he mutters beneath his breath.

And then, before he can stop himself, he's stumbling forward, right into the redhead who was stood nearby, minding her own business.

Only, instead of catching her shoulder in his chest, which he's sure

would have caused an acute stabbing heartburn-like sensation, he ends practically face-planting her, full lips pressing against the corner of her closed mouth. Her lips are drawn thin, tight, as though she'd been thinking of something to say.

But he's robbed her of words now, and it's only two seconds later when Lucas pulls himself away, a hand midway (almost like he'd been vying, reaching for her face) in the air, that he realizes what's just happened.

It wasn't so much a kiss as it was a full-body collision that resulted in his feet tripping, his lips falling straight onto hers, and their friends cackling in the background. (Damn it, Dustin!)

He hadn't meant to do it. He'd stumbled, the consequence of a strong shove to his back, palms flat against his shoulder-blades, and he'd ended up catching the girl off-guard, totally oblivious to his oncoming corner-of-the-mouth-so-it's-not-even-really-a-kiss-at-all-peck.

So she can't be mad at him for it, not really. Granted, it's not like they're a couple (yet), but it's also not like they're aren't one either. She'd be the one to kiss him first at the Snowball, dragging him off to dance and occupying his whole night (not that he'd minded), and they hang out every Sunday down at the Palace (sans the rest of the party). And, besides, he's totally gonna ask her soon, he swears. He would have done it already if it weren't for high school being a total pain in his butt, not the mention the little side jobs he's still taking up on Saturdays so he can pay for the cool stuff his parents no longer want to spoil him with.

(And, not that he'd ever confess it, but he most definitely has a little stash saved so he can buy Max something for Valentine's Day. El's the only one who knows what he's planning.)

So, you know, it's not that they aren't a *thing*, or that they haven't kissed before and he's just stolen one, her first, from her. It's just that, well, he's not quite yet worked up the courage to actually ask her out on a date-

"Oh, my god!" Max nudges him in the side with her elbow, a sharp

jab, and there's a scowl on her face, "Why were you stood so close?" The space between Max's brow creases, and she presses a hand to Lucas' shoulder as though to push him back. (She doesn't.)

Hands flying up defensively to explain himself, Lucas squeaks out, startling himself, "I'm sorry! I wasn't-" But the boy stops himself then, voice lowering as his words cut off, and his eyes go from apology to suspicious awfully fast, "It wasn't *me*."

The redhead withdraws her hand from his arm then, and she folds her own over her chest as her lips purse into a doubtful expression. "What are you talking about?" An eyebrow quirks, and she has *'this better be good, Sinclair'* written all over her face.

Lucas has to refrain from rolling his eyes as he turns back to the face the rest of their friends; two of them totally oblivious and otherwise too preoccupied fawning over each other to pay them any mind, and the other two stood there with shit-eating grins plastered on their faces. Will, to his defense, at least tries to look apologetic despite his obvious amusement. But it's not him that Lucas is pissed at, "You totally pushed me!"

Dustin gasps, and it's way more dramatic than it needs to be, "Did not!"

"Uh, yeah, you did!" He nods his own head, "Just admit it, you pushed me."

"I didn't mean to, I swear." The curly-haired boy shakes his head, glossy locks twirling out from past his cap. But the smug look on his face won't even do Lucas the courtesy of fading even a little bit, and the darker skinned boy only has to shoot Dustin daggers before he snaps, breaks, "All right, fine. Maybe I meant to a little bit." He holds up his hands, an empty candy-wrapped clutched between the fingers of the right hand.

"See?" Spinning back around to face Max, Lucas finds her with a hand plastered over her face, thumb and forefinger rubbing her temples in circular motions. "Max?"

Not even sparing him a glance, the girl groans, throwing her head

back as to not look at him and she whips around to make her way back over to Mike's couch with a mumble of, "God, boys are stupid." She plops herself down on the sofa beside El, nudging the girl in the arm so she shuffles over, closer to the boyfriend with his hands in her hair. "So stupid."

Lucas isn't ignorant to the way her cheeks have reddened though, and he can't help the smile that spreads across his whole face when she smooths a finger along her lips, gazing off into the distance some moments later.

(He's totally gonna ask her out soon.)